

LAW OFFICE  
OF  
**B. ALAN SEIDLER**  
580 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10012

TELEPHONE  
(212) 334-3131  
SEIDLERLAW@GMAIL.COM

October 7, 2015

Hon. Leonard D. Wexler  
United States District Judge  
United States Courthouse  
202 Federal Plaza  
Central Islip, NY 11722-4454

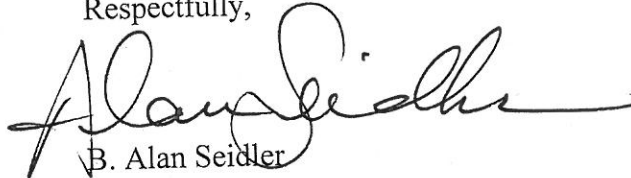
re: USA v. Gerald  
#13 cr 141 (LDW)

Dear Judge Wexler;

Attached are sentencing letters from Jamel Gerald, and family members.

Thank you.

Respectfully,

  
B. Alan Seidler

cc: J. Gerald

bas/ee

## B. Alan Seidler

---

**From:** GERALD JAMEL (81958053)  
**Sent Date:** Monday, October 5, 2015 1:21 PM  
**To:** seidlerlaw@gmail.com  
**Subject:** RE: legal

To Honorable Leonard D. Wexler,

I write to you in hopes to explain to you in depth what my thinking was, and what type of person I was prior to my imprisonment. I grew up in a household with my two grandparents because my mother was on drugs real bad, and my father was in jail most of my life. My grandmother did her best to take care of us, but she has 12 kids in the household to take care of. My grandfather never finished school, so he was not able to gain favorable employment; he couldn't read or write. I guess that's why he used to beat us a lot with anything he could get his hands on. Don't get me wrong, I loved him. I just didn't understand why he beat us. I tried to be a good kid but a lot was going on at home. My mother was in a bad relationship. Her boyfriend used to beat on her real bad. One day, he hit her so hard that the top of her eye opened up. Blood was everywhere. I couldn't do anything to help her. I was 9 years old. She kept calling me, but I was afraid to go in her room to help her.

Even though she was on drugs, my mother was my pride and joy. When I was 12 years old, my dear beloved mother got beat to death. Her body was found in Central Park. This is when my world came down on me. I was so hurt by my mother's death. It came a time in my life that I didn't want to live anymore. I felt like I didn't have anybody. I had no one to talk to me about it. They didn't hug me and tell me it was going to be alright. My grandfather used to tell me that I was futile. I was only 12 years old. At my mother's funeral, I tried to close her casket because she had been beaten so bad, and I didn't want everyone to see her like that.

My grandmother took me to counseling sessions because I would see my mother's face all beat up inside her casket in my dreams. In school, I also had individual counseling because I was hurting inside. I was receiving SSI for my learning disability. I wasn't a bad kid in school, but the other kids used to pick fights with me, and call me names because I couldn't read. I taught myself how to read and write when I was 15 years old. At 17 years old, I had my son. I wanted to be a good father, so I tried to get a job, but I had no skills. Where I was living, everybody sold drugs to get by, so I did what I thought was right but I wasn't good at it and got locked up. I messed my whole life up when I started getting high off of drugs. I didn't care about my life. I wanted to die. I wish I had somebody to tell me that there was a better way, but where I'm from, it was everyone for them self.

When I came home in 2003, I got a job off the books doing construction. Then I got a job at Big Brother Big Sister unloading the trucks. It felt great to have that job, but they had to let me go in 2007. I did my whole parole without a violation. In 2008, I lost my job, and to top it off, my landlord had lost the house but didn't tell me. They turned off the lights and heat. It was winter, and I had my girlfriend and 4 children living with me. I tried to get a job but they would not take me on because I had been in jail. My father couldn't help me because he was also losing his house. So I got back into selling drugs. I stopped selling in 2010 because my cousin Keith Murray let me be his road manager. We went to every state doing shows. We also went to Germany, Sweden, South Africa, Finland, Denmark, and Copenhagen. This is what I was doing when I was home.

I thought I made it. I also was doing photography and videography. I was getting money to feed my family. I took my son to Africa with me. My son is in his last year of college. I'm so happy that he is doing good, and I'm also happy I was there for him. I did my best so that he won't come to this place. I thought I would never come back to jail again because I had stopped doing wrong, but my past has come back to haunt me. I'm sorry for all the wrong that I did in my life. This is the longest I've ever been in jail, and it's killing me and my family. I will never sell drugs again. You will never see my face in your courtroom again. This time that I've been in here showed me that my freedom is more than money. And I can do anything that I put my mind to. I have a skill now that I'm going to put my all into when I get out. I love doing videos so that's what I'm going to do. I'm going to help the kids in my community so they can stay away from the gangs. I really hope you see that I have changed my outlook on life, and that I'm not a bad person. I'm a loving father that took care of his kids. I was doing a lot for my town, putting together football games, cook-outs, basketball, just trying to do the right thing for the kids. I was turning my life around before I got locked up. When they started this investigation, I was not selling any drugs. Thank you for taking the time out to read this letter.

**B. Alan Seidler**

---

Respectfully Yours,

Jamel Gerald  
81958-053

Mr. Michael Malby  
11430 Jefferson Ave  
# Apt. 218  
Newport News V.A  
23601

Good Morning Your Honor,

My name is Michael Malby, I'm  
Jamel Gerabl father. I'm writing  
you to humbly ask you to be  
lenient and concentrate in your  
sentencing of my trouble son.  
Jamel's mother and I were too  
young when he was born. We  
did not know how to raise a child  
properly, therefore we made a  
lot serious mistakes that cause  
negative consequences in my son  
life. I got into a lot legal  
trouble when I was a young  
man. When Jamel was very young,  
I was an anconcentrai

Amount of times, more than one time in his young life, furthermore; his mother was violently murdered when he was just a young boy. Once again I was incarcerated when he needed me the most in life! In my ascent my son struggle to understand why his parents was no longer in his life..... But ~~despite~~ despite my son profound social struggles he managed to keep his children going in the right direction in life. To his credit, I'm proud to tell you that his two oldest sons are successful college students. Furthermore; ~~four~~ his four other ~~ok~~ younger children are good students as well.

His children love and miss him dearly  
because he's a loving and caring Father  
who supports his family. Your  
Honor, please keep in mind  
I'm a sixty years old father  
who need his son in his life  
before I die. God blessed me  
with ~~Jamel~~ <sup>two</sup> sons which  
Jamel the young of the two.  
Currently, I'm a retired, disable local  
580 iron worker. Your Honor, please  
consider the things I shared  
with you about Jamel and I early  
beginnings.

9-27-15

11430 Jefferson Ave  
Newport News, VA. 23601

The Honorable Judge.

My name is Tanya Jones Malloy. I am Gerald's step mother. I have worked at Lurie Kinder for twenty years. I am now working at Bon Secours hospitals. I am writing in reference to Jamal Gerald. I know through out the years that I have know Jamal. I know him to be respectful, Considerate, thoughtful, And down right Loving. I am very proud to have Jamal come into my life and I into his. Jamal has shown me it's OK to Cry And God will see you threw. I lost my son at fourteen years old. He drowned at a pool party. Jamal has filled a void in my heart And mind. I could always Count on Jamal to put Life into perspective for me. To make me feel there is a reason for living. I have seen Jamal demonstrate the love a father gives to his Childrens I have seen him standing at the bus stop to put his kids on the bus. I know Jamal to be a great friend, a wonderful father And a blessed son. We miss him so dearly And pray you would find it in your heart to see him.

I ask that you Consider his worth in life, while  
you determine his faith. Thank you for your  
time and Consideration. Have a wonderful day.

Sincerely  
Tanya Jones Malloy